Shallow Graves for Shallow Hearts by Blink_Blue

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)
Genre: Billy's a bastard, Guilt, M/M, Nancy is confused, Past Relationship(s), Regret, and she treated Steve like an asshole, but that's how we like him, this is my little fix it
Language: English
Characters: Billy Hargrove, Nancy Wheeler, Steve Harrington
Relationships: Billy Hargrove/Steve Harrington, Steve Harrington/Nancy Wheeler
Status: Completed
Published: 2018-01-20
Updated: 2018-01-20
Packaged: 2022-04-20 16:27:01
Rating: Explicit
Warnings: No Archive Warnings Apply
Chapters: 1
Words: 3,022
Publisher: archiveofourown.org
Summary:

Nancy doesn't know what she wants. Billy takes advantage and lets her know exactly what she lost.

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“What the hell were you thinking, Wheeler?”

“Because now, I’m the one who gets to fuck Steve Harrington.”

Shallow Graves for Shallow Hearts

Author's Note:

> Title from a Marianas Trench song, "No Place Like Home".

“I thought you were supposed to be smart, Wheeler.”

Nancy glances up in shock when Billy Hargrove drops into the empty seat next to her. There’s a smirk pulling at his lips and his sharp blue eyes bore into her, cold and unfriendly. She looks around, her homework forgotten, but the library is nearly empty. There’s not a soul in sight. Unsurprising really, given that it’s late on a Friday afternoon. She only wanted to get a bit of physics practice in before the weekend. She hadn’t expected to be bothered by the town’s resident asshole, of all people.

Unfortunately, she’s handled worse than this. Nancy lets out a slow breath and paints an expression of boredom onto her face.

“What do you want, Billy?” She keeps her tone hard and her hand clenched around her pencil as her eyes fall back to her books. “Not really looking for company here.”

“I *said*…” Billy drawls out the word slow. “I thought you were *smart.”*

Nancy grits her teeth. “What’s it to you?” She finally demands.

There’s a glimmer in Billy’s eyes, satisfaction from successfully gaining her attention. “I’m just not that impressed,” he shrugs his shoulders casually. “I mean, what kind of idiot dumps *Steve Harrington?”*

Nancy’s jaw falls open. That’s the last thing she expected to hear from him. From what she knows, Billy had been giving Steve a hard time since the day he stepped foot in Hawkins. Some immature rivalry that eventually made its way off the basketball court with fist fights and worse. Steve can’t stand the guy. So why is Billy now pushing his way into her business?

“Are you serious?” She asks, her brows furrowed as she watches his face. “And you care because…”

“Because Steve Harrington might have been the best thing to happen to you, doll.”

She immediately stiffens in her seat, something that doesn’t go unnoticed as Billy leans forward into her space.

“What the hell were you thinking, Wheeler?” Billy’s voice is barely above a whisper, but no less harsh as it cuts through the silence of the library.

Nancy scoffs, forcing herself to ignore the feeling of unease that gnaws in her gut. She looks away from Billy, choosing to focus instead on nothing in the distance. Dusty books and closed doors. She has half a mind to pack up her things and storm the hell out. But Billy’s awoken a sliver of curiosity in her, and she wonders what he might know about Steve. While she hasn’t given her ex much thought since their breakup, there’s still guilt over the way they ended things. Or rather, the way she ended them.

“What kind of person throws that away?”

“I didn’t *throw* him away,” Nancy whispers defensively. “I… we just weren’t right for each other, that’s all.” She huffs out a breath and shakes her head. “Why the hell am I telling *you* this?”

Billy smirks. “Because now, I’m the one who gets to fuck Steve Harrington.”

Her throat closes shut when Billy’s words hit her like bucket of ice water. Billy’s face twists into something almost gleeful when he takes in the sight of her stunned gaze.

“You-you’re a shitty liar,” she stutters, looking away as her face warms.

Billy’s eyes narrow coldly. “Oh, I’m not lying.”

Nancy lets out a short laugh. “I’m supposed to believe that you and Steve—that he would… that you two are—”

“You can’t even say it!” Billy looks practically delighted. “We’re *fucking.”* A smile curves onto his lips. Not a particularly nice one. His grin is crooked, teeth bared, and his eyes look a bit too wild. But somehow it suits him.

Nancy stares. This conversation had no doubt wandered into unsettling and unwelcome territory. She should have ended it long before it got this far. But she wonders if there’s any truth to Billy’s words. The very idea of it churns her gut and she can’t quite figure out why. Is it disgust? Or something else? A fleeting thought makes her pause: does Steve know Billy is here telling her all these things?

“And it is *so* good*,”* Billy murmurs. “I’ve had my fair share of girls and guys, but when it’s Steve… I mean, no one else even compares. No one even comes close to what it’s like when we *fuck*.” His words are taunting, like a predator stalking its prey, with a note of determination that says all too clearly that what he’s spilling is the truth.

“He was your first, wasn’t he?” Billy continues at her stunned silence. “Oh, I bet he was gentle with you. Hm,” he grins, soft and fond, like he’s remembering. But he wasn’t there. And yeah, Steve was gentle with her. “But that’s who he is. He’s gentle and sweet and *good.* I’m not like that.” His voice grows hard and it sends a shiver down her spine.

“When I fuck him, it’s rough and dirty and *hard.* I fuck him until he’s *begging* me for more.” His eyes are bright and sharp. But when they drop, Nancy knows that he’s *definitely* remembering. He sighs and bites his bottom lip. “I fuck him until he’s breathless and trembling, falling apart, just *aching* for it. He likes it when I hold him down. He likes it when I’m rough with him. He likes it when I fuck him hard until he cums.”

Billy’s breathing grows heavier as he speaks. With a shock, Nancy realizes that her own pulse is speeding steadily through her veins.

Billy meets her gaze. Her cheeks are red. Her chest flutters with an uneven breath and she suddenly crosses her legs beneath the table. Billy’s grin is thick with triumph.

“Do you miss it?” He tilts his head to side as he studies her. She looks away, fearing that he might be able to read her like a book. “You miss the way he fucks with his whole body? He’s so passionate, isn’t he? And *real*. He’s not like the others that I’ve been with. It’s… genuine.” Billy’s voice is strangely sincere. “I’ve never had anything like that.”

Nancy shifts in her chair. She knows exactly what Billy’s talking about. Her stomach turns and the feeling she recognizes as jealousy eats at her insides like acid. She never expected to feel this way. She hasn’t thought of Steve in *that* way in ages, long before they broke up.

“You remember the way his voice breaks when he’s close?” Billy’s voice is low in her ear. She closes her eyes and *remembers*. “I get to hear that beautiful sound for *hours.”* A soft chuckles breaks out in the air between them. “God, if you knew the things I do to him—” Billy suddenly cuts himself off. “You know it’s different when it’s two guys, right?”

“Of course I know,” she hisses quickly.

Billy shrugs. “Always figured you for a prude, Wheeler.”

Nancy swallows the lump in her throat. “What do you do to him?” Her voice shakes. She doesn’t know why the fuck she asked. She doesn’t want to know. Or does she? Billy’s eyes flash. A carnal grin plays on his lips as his tongue slowly runs over his teeth. And he tells her.

“I open him up with my fingers first. Or better yet, I tease him with my tongue.”

Nancy’s eyes drop to his lips and they twitch into a lopsided smirk. “He moans like a little whore when I run my tongue over his hole… He falls to pieces, begging me for more, begging and pleading, until I finally push my tongue inside him.”

Nancy’s stomach clenches painfully.

“He ever do that with you? He ever put his tongue inside you?” Billy

grins when Nancy's cheeks flush red. "Oh, that boy has a wicked tongue. I guess you already knew that."

She closes her eyes. She's trembling as she thinks back to the few times she let Steve get her off with his mouth. The intimacy was harder after Barb died. She hated herself for constantly thinking about Jonathan. Sex with Steve was easier when it was just the physical act. It was easier when she was able to fake it.

But now she's wet between her legs thinking back to those moments she had with him.

"He cried actual tears the first time I fucked him." Billy's voice cuts through her thoughts, and she looks up to see the first barest hint of regret on his face.

"That was the only time I've ever been gentle with him. I didn't want to hurt him. It always hurts worst the first time. But I went slow, carefully opened him up… and when my cock was sinking into him, I saw tears fall from his eyes. He felt so good, it took everything in me not to just fuck him into oblivion."

Billy swallows and meets her eyes. Her lips are parted, yet no words pass. He gives her a faint grin.

"He's so beautiful, I can't fucking stay away from him. I can't help but put my mouth on him," Billy shakes his head slowly. "It's all I ever think about. And I never got it before. *Kissing.* Girls wanted me to do it. Guys didn't seem to care. We're already exchanging enough body fluids, right? Why bother with kissing? But with Steve… god, I can't keep my mouth off of him." He suddenly leans his elbow on the table and rests his face against the palm of his hand. His eyes have dropped and he looks the perfect spectacle of a boy *hopelessly* in love.

"Every time I see him in the hallways, I have to fight myself not to jump on him." Billy's wearing a crooked grin when he looks back at her. "When our eyes meet, and it's like… we know we're both thinking about it. We know we both want it. My cock inside him, fucking him. And his body aches for mine, so ready for me to fit inside him… filling him up until he can't take anymore. But we can't fucking do it. Practice is the worst," he whispers. His eyes search her

for comprehension and she nods like she understands, even though she doesn't. Not really.

"Do you have any idea what it's like to be hot and sweaty and all worked up, seeing him in those fucking *short* shorts. And seeing him wet and dripping in the shower, water and soap running all over him, but you can't fucking touch him?"

Nancy draws a slow, shuddered breath. Billy doesn't seem to notice.

"It's torture." He chuckles and licks his lips before he continues. "It gets so bad, that when we're finally alone, and I can do whatever the fuck I want to him because he *lets* me. Sometimes I'll just push him to his knees, make him suck my cock for being such a damn tease. I will *never* tire of seeing him on his knees. Or I'll grab him by the hips, throw him around because I *can*. I'll put my cock in him because I can't wait any longer. And he *loves* it. He loves every fucking second of it."

She clenches her legs tighter to stop them from trembling.

Her heart races as she imagines the details of Billy's story. She thinks of their bodies, hard and firm. Steve's she's already familiar with. But them together… naked, muscles gleaming and clenching as harsh, choked sounds fill the air and they rut and kiss and *bite*, fighting for dominance the way boys do.

She considers that Steve would be so different with Billy than he was with her. He was gentle with her, made sure she felt good. Though he could never quite get her heart into it. Now, her chest pounds as she imagines him on his back for Billy, his legs wrapped around the other boy's waist, lips parted with helpless noises spilling through them, his hair a ragged mess as he's fucked hard, over and over again, radiating some intense pleasure that Nancy could never give him.

She imagines the strength of their bodies, muscles hardened by years of sports and fitness. Their bodies would jerk as they get closer to the edge and maybe Billy would pull Steve up for a kiss. But not a kiss the way Steve kissed her. Instead, one that's harsh and fierce, with the feeling of tongue and the battle of teeth.

She realizes with a jolt that Billy is carefully watching her face with cold eyes and she tenses, straightens in her seat as she struggles to compose herself. Her cheeks are red and there's a thrumming between her legs. She drops her gaze to her abandoned books.

"I'm getting hard just thinking about it," Billy says, his voice low. "How about you, Wheeler?"

He chuckles when she doesn't answer, but the sound is cruel and taunting. "You miss tasting his cock? Tell me, what do you miss more, his dick or his mouth?"

"Shut up," she hisses, but her voice catches and she avoids his hard gaze. "Why did you tell me this?" She manages to ask.

The air between them is thick. Then Billy leans over so close, she can feel his breath on her lips and see the specks of grey in the blue of his eyes.

"Because he chose *you,"* Billy growls. "He loves you, he *wants* you. And a part of me is scared that he'll always choose *you*."

Nancy's mouth has gone dry as she watches him. And she might be imagining it, but his eyes suddenly seem wet, and they glisten under the yellow lights of the library.

Billy's brow furrows. "It's different when I'm with him. When I'm with him, I feel… *safe."* He speaks like getting teeth pulled. Each word torn and wrestled from his mouth, like it pains him. "And good, and happy, and… I've never had that before."

His expression softens almost imperceptibly.

"I want you to know what you lost. Steve is *everything.* And you never deserved him. *Never."*

Billy shoves his chair back and rises to his feet. He towers over her and gives her one last cold stare before stalking off towards the doors of the library.

Nancy stays frozen in her seat, long after he's gone. Only when the last bell rings, does she finally manage to gather her books and make

to leave on shaky, unsteady legs.

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Not long after, as she's leaving the building, she sees Steve in the parking lot heading towards his car. A few spaces down from the familiar maroon Beemer, Billy leans against his Camaro, cigarette dangling from his lips as his eyes lay fixed on Steve's approach.

She imagines the silent exchange that must be happening between them. Are they planning their next romp away from prying eyes? Is Steve as smitten with Billy Hargrove as the latter is with him? She wonders if Steve even knows how Billy feels about him. Billy doesn't really seem like the 'feelings' type. It's hard enough to imagine him *loving* someone. Which is in stark contrast to Steve, who wears his heart on his sleeve. He always has.

The disappointment cuts her deep upon the realization that she doesn't really know what's going on in Steve's life since their breakup. A whole year together, and even after everything that happened, the Upside-Down, Barb's funeral… it was too hard to face him after they broke up. Too hard to admit that she wanted someone else while they were together, and didn't have the guts to face those facts until she hurt him.

He was always good to her, she realizes.

Does he ever think of her that way anymore?

She stops some distance behind Steve and pauses, quietly watching their interaction. They don't exactly speak, and there's several cars between them, but Nancy can tell a whole conversation is happening that she can't quite comprehend.

When Billy finally notices her watching them, his face falls for a split second before he's able to get the hard mask back in place. Through it all, Nancy sees a flicker of fear in his eyes. He sucks one last drag of his cigarette and tosses it to the ground.

Steve spins around. There's shock on his face when he sees her. "Hey, Nance."

“Hey,” she says softly. She shuffles on her feet, not quite knowing what to say. “I-I haven’t seen you around much.”

“Uh, yeah, I’ve been busy, I guess.” Steve shrugs awkwardly. “Final semester, and all.”

Nancy’s eyes flicker between Steve and Billy behind him, who’s watching them with intense hawk eyes. She can practically hear him growling between his teeth. What the hell is she doing? She and Steve are a thing of the past. And she can’t figure out if the awful feeling in her gut is guilt or regret. She can’t figure out what the hell she wants.

She blinks quickly and stumbles over her words. “A-any plans this weekend?” She manages.

Steve stares at her for a moment like he’s not buying her bullshit anymore. “Um… Tina’s throwing a party,” he finally says.

“Oh, yeah,” Nancy nods softly. “Yeah, I heard.”

“You going?”

She cringes, thinking about the last rager Tina threw that she attended and the way that night ended. It was a miserable night for both of them. One that she has the luxury of not remembering. She never apologized for that either.

“Probably not,” she admits, after a moment.

Steve nods. She thinks he doesn’t look nearly as disappointed as she’d hoped.

She gives a gentle shake of her head. “I’ll see you around, Steve.” She gives him a wave and a small smile.

Steve nods. “Bye, Nance.”

She watches Steve turn back to Billy seconds before she looks away. A moment later, the familiar sound of Steve’s Beemer taking off reaches her ears, and the roar of the Camaro that follows it.

A desperate longing buries itself in her chest.

She doesn’t know what she wants. At least Billy does.

Maybe Billy was right all along. She’s not as smart as she seems.

Author's Note:

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